

## Dangerous Knowledge

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Category: Warhammer

Genre: Humor, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Eldar, Inquisition, OC, Sisters of Battle

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 14:55:04

Updated: 2016-04-10 14:55:04

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:31:47

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,801

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A mysterious, long forgotten planet has appeared from the Warp. An Inquisitor and his retinue are sent to investigate the disappearance of a Magos and his crew, while dealing with a Warp stricken, passive-aggressive Guardsman, an overbearing Battle Sister, a jaded Farseer, and other brands of grimdark problems. However, the planet in question has a dark secret and a revelation.

## Dangerous Knowledge

**\*\*Hello! After a while of planning and cycling through ideas, I've decided to start this 40k fic. This is the first time I've done any fic related to 40k and given the expansive lore, I may make some slight errors with locations, regiments, patterns, etc. But research is being done with each idea I have to make sure it fits correctly within the canon. \*\***

## Dangerous Knowledge

Prologue: Emergence

\_999.M41\_

\_Agripinaa sector\_

\_Segmentum Obscurus \_

Through the inky, star speckled void of known Imperium space, a single Explorator ship surveyed the home sector of the Eye of Terror. The colossal vessel and its crew were en-route to the Orpheus sector to the galactic far south in an attempt to find any worlds thought lost after the Warp shockwave in 990.M41. The ship's Explorator, Magos Explorator Vintis had been itching for 9 years to depart from Mars and explore the warp stricken sector. He saw it as a sign, insisting that such an event was a challenge from the Ommissiah, and

that many STCs were to be found there were any brave enough to seek them out.

However despite his seemingly mad proclamations, he'd been drawn to the Segmentum Obscurus sector as strange Warp activity had been reported very close to the Eye of Terror.

'Explorator Vintis' a Lexmechanic spoke in Lingua-technis bursts of binary static noise 'What do you suppose this Warp activity entails? The beginnings of a Warp rift perhaps?' he asked while compiling the ship's travel data.

The heavily mechanical human Magos stared straight into the red and pink cosmic monument that was the Eye of Terror. His own synthetic eyes, two red lenses in a housing of metal with wires spreading out from the bases and rooting themselves within the man's skull. An irritated hiss came from his rebreather.

'No. Much the contrary. A Warp rift recently closed, but something came through. I have been sent to find out what that is.' he replied sharply in kind. His crimson cloak swayed as the mechanical arms mounted to his back responded to his irritation.

'Came out? Daemons?' Vintis quickly looked at the Lexmechanic.

'When we get there we will find out. As we're not, we don't know. Think before you ask such moronic questions.' he snapped.

'My apologies, Magos. I will mind what I ask in future.' the Lexmechanic replied in a subdued manner.

Suddenly, as if on cue, space tore itself asunder on the port side of the ship. The Gellar fields of the ship were battered by torrents of Warp energy as it was rocked by the shockwave from the sudden destruction of material space as the immaterium tore its way into the physical universe. Several Tech-priests were knocked over and objects scattered across the floor.

Vintis stabilised himself by gripping the back of a Lexmechanic's seat with a servo arm. 'Damage report!' he called.

'No damage to the ship, Magos! Gellar fields holding strong and systems are at 100%!' called a Tech-priest who rapidly skimmed over the ship's information on his data slate.

'Good. However, a Warp rift opening near a recently closed one is odd. Either way, we should begin searching for the object reported to have come through the previous rift.' Vintis ordered. His crew were uncertain of his order as they were concerned over the increase in Warp rifts rather than what Vintis was looking for. It could be extremely dangerous, and other than that, they had no way of knowing if the object was of Chaos origin.

'Magos Vintis, we should really consider the dangers we could face. Being so close to the Eye of Terror with Warp rifts opening in unpredictable patterns, we should exercise caution. Perhaps we should inform Mars and draft a new plan.' a Tech-priest suggested. Vintis shook his head while keeping his eyes fixed solely on his goal which he could see out of the bridge's viewing window.

'No!' he snapped. 'Not when our goal is right in front of us. It would be a waste of time and resources to pass it up now. And to think, this came from the Warp, and so uncorrupted too.' Vintis turned to address his crew.

'We make for the surface immediately. I want Hyspastis, a Vanguard and Rune-priests with me to search for anything of technological significance. Perhaps an STC is waiting for us. It may be no Omnicopaea, but perhaps something of equal or greater value.' he chuckled and held his arms out wide.

'Imagine it! We find an STC, or a cache of STCs that go above and beyond anything found before! We'll be welcomed back to Mars as heroes. So off we go, down to this phantom planet from the Warp!' Vintis declared in a grandiose tone, rallying his Skitarii and priests. The ship accelerated towards the Terra sized planet with renewed speed as their mission was closer to completion, with Vintis at its head. Little did they know, when they would reach that planet, it would be the last time any would hear from them.

\_Two weeks later\_

\_999.M41\_

\_Inquisitorial Black Ship, \_\_Baleful\_\_Decree\_

\_Cadian sector\_

\_Segmentum Obscurus\_

'Insubordination. Again. You never learn, do you?' Hospitaller Hilda remarked to her comrade as she rubbed a muscle relaxant ointment into his left shoulder. She was an Almoness Advance of the Order of the Torch, and had been drafted into an Inquisitor's retinue like her patient. She was, like most of the Adepta Sororitas, a stern and powerful woman, dedicated to the destruction of the Emperor's foes and the security of mankind's future. However, she was not one to instantly persecute someone on grounds of faith. That rung true in the case of her patient, who would have had a bolter round in his head long ago if she was just a little more like her fellow Battle Sisters.

She was young, early thirties, with platinum blonde hair in a pageboy cut, as was common among the Sororitas. She had hazel eyes that were, while soft around her patients, piercing and constantly closely observing all she swept her gaze across. Her features were deceptively delicate and provided a friendly, comforting sight to her patients and comrades, but could chill a Heretic to the core. Her pale skin was marred in some places by scars from past wounds inflicted by Heretics, Eldar, Orks, and all manner of the Emperor of Mankind's enemies. The scar across her nose was the only one people ever saw on her.

She was adorned in a light, comfortable black and white robe with a white habit atop her head. On her robe were symbols of the Adepta Sororitas and the order she belonged to.

'It's not every day you get to punch a Commissar in the face and get away with it.' replied her smug patient. 'But I know Hans is gonna

give me hell when he's done with our newest recruit.'' he said sourly. The man was none other than Captain Grayson Ignarius, a Kasrkin of the Cadian 304th, formerly of the 81st armoured during the Promethium war.

He was a veteran, as a considerable amount of Cadians were. Being in his late 30s, he was an old man compared to many Guardsmen of the Imperium. This was due to the fact that the average life expectancy of the average Guardsman on the front line was 15 hours.

He was a tall man, around 6'3 with a broad build. His head was shaven save for his brown warhawk running the length of his scalp down the middle. He had light stubble across his jaw and chin with a few patches of light scar tissue across his face. His face had lost its youthfulness long ago, and was now rugged with a stern expression, but there was an ever mischievous gleam in his dull green eyes.

He was a joker, always aiming to keep his team's spirits up with his often self-deprecating jokes and his gallows humour. But like all men and women of the Astra Militarum, he was a soldier first and as said by Inquisitor Hans Ludenkrant ''A damn good one''.

His vest lay in a heap on the chair besides the bed he and Hilda sat on as she applied the ointment to his shoulder. His tags still hung loosely around his neck, and his lower half was covered by standard green Cadian combat fatigues and black combat boots. On his back was a parodied version of the Crux Terminatus, but with a smiley face in place of a skull.

''Oh, you mean the xeno.'' Hilda said in revulsion. ''Inquisitor Hans had best be sure about this. A xeno cannot be trusted.''

''Either way, it's not like the xeno is in any position to try anything. To do so would just be stupid.'' he rolled his left shoulder, feeling Hilda's fingers pressing lightly into the muscle. ''But Hans can be a charming fellow. I'm sure he'll work something out.''

Hilda wasn't convinced. ''I hope so. Would be a shame to find he's wasted his time. Cleaning up xeno corpses wasn't our intended purpose after all.'' she said, unconsciously digging harder into Grayson's shoulder.

''Yes well, I wouldn't be able to clean up much with this arm.'' he winced. ''Especially when a Battle Sister is currently trying to skewer my shoulder with her hand. Mentioning no names.'' he said through gritted teeth. Hilda recoiled her hand suddenly with a small gasp.

''Oh, my apologies. Xeno do bring out the worst in me. Including carelessness it seems.'' she said bashfully. She applied more of the viscous ointment, which drew a small sigh of relief from the Captain.

''I wanted to ask, and forgive me if it's personal, but how did your shoulder end up in this state?'' she asked while she worked. She felt him chuckle and a smile played on his lips. ''Judging from your reaction, I take it that it is a result of one of your misadventures?'' she said with a hint of amusement.

'Pretty much.' he said wryly. 'You've read my file, so you know what I'm like and the things I end up doing. Intentionally or not.' he chuckled again, a little harder than the last. 'It was during my time serving as a Lieutenant in the 304th. A Daemon incursion had occurred, which was the norm at the time.' he cleared his throat.

'But anyway, a Bloodthirster had managed to break our formation about three days into the fight. We were starting to get sloppy as it went on as fatigue was setting in and the adrenaline wore off. I'd already taken a couple of hits, but a major one was to the left shoulder. A stray bolter round had struck my shoulder plate, and nearly jerked my shoulder right out of the socket.' he recounted as he rubbed his shoulder.

'It was only a glancing hit, but it was close enough for me. So after a while of blasting away at the big bastard's legs and face, we finally took it down. But me, being an idiot, decided to strike a pose next to its head. It tried to snap at me and so out of reflex, I whacked it between the eyes. Threw my shoulder out. Not to mention I nearly broke my fucking hand.' he then grinned over his shoulder at her.

'Let it be a lesson. No matter how much faith you might have, punching a Daemon in the face is only worth it when it dies. Otherwise you'll end up with a bad shoulder, a swollen hand and possibly die.' he finished.

Hilda was smiling with amusement the whole time. It was odd that a Guardsman like him would last as long as he did. From his file, she'd deduced that he was a bit of a poser and a funny-man. He had a happy-go-lucky outlook on things and his duty simply didn't fit this attitude. Either he was incredibly lucky, or the Emperor had his back.

'I'm not sure what to say honestly. I just have this image of you punching a Bloodthirster in the head in front of your men and the Chaos forces.' she gave a small laugh at the mental image. 'It's rather humorous.'

'The platoon wouldn't stop talking about it for weeks. Funnily enough, that's how I got the rank of Captain.' he noticed that Hilda had stopped applying the ointment and was packing her supplies away. He stood and turned to face her as he picked up his vest.

'That should ease the pain of your shoulder for now. I don't know why you don't simply get it treated with a permanent procedure.' she said curiously. Grayson answered as he put his vest on.

'Well then I'd have nothing to talk about. It makes for a nice conversation piece.' he replied with a grin.

'That it does indeed.' she picked up her pack of medical supplies and made for the door. 'I think it's time we go and see if the Inquisitor is done with the xeno.' Grayson followed and kept pace with the Battle Sister as they kept a brisk pace through the corridor.

Soon they were diligently waiting outside of Hans' office. He wasn't yet done with the new arrival, but they were willing to wait.

\_Hans' office\_

Inquisitor Hans Ludenkrant of the Ordo Malleus sat before his 'guest' and was offering them quite the bargain. Unlike many other Inquisitors he harboured no true hatred for the xenos races, Necrons and Orks being the exceptions. He was what was dubbed a 'radical' and so pragmatism and smart use of assets, be they human or xeno, were natural to him.

He was slender, but a fearsome combatant ready to go head to head with any opponent. He was an expert swordsman and strategist, a feared figurehead in battle, commanding the respect of his peers and comrades. However, for all his accolades and recognition, pride and power never interfered with his work or his interactions with his subordinates. He had a dark head of hair, a bionic eye with two bolts embedded in his temples on either side of his head. His other eye was ice-blue, a scar was cut into his top and bottom lip which ended at the soul patch under his lip.

A peaked cap sat atop his head and a shroud was draped across his shoulders, covering most of his rather flashy uniform, which was more akin to what a Commissar would wear. A Power Sword in the shape of an ancient cavalry sabre and a Storm Bolter were at his sides, on his left hip and right thigh respectively.

As a testament to his tenacity, his body from the waist down was bionic. However, how he ended up that way is something only he and the Mechanicus know.

'It's a good deal. You will remain untouchable to the Imperium so long as you cooperate with me, and we gain a Farseer. If anything, you gain more than we do in this situation.' Hans said, trying his best to be persuasive. He'd been at this for two hours, and the Farseer had been on board for the better part of a week.

'I've told you time and again, Mon-keigh, that unless you can guarantee you will uphold your end of this deal, I will not cooperate.' she replied as calmly as she had been since arriving. The Eldar Farseer had been secured on board a Space Hulk, where she and her last remaining soldiers were being suppressed by the Ork forces that had secured it. From what little information she provided, the Warboss Bludgash 'Big git' was planning on using the Space Hulk he'd secured, called the 'Flyin' Nob' and launch a Waaagh! upon Craftworld Ulthwe.

She and her soldiers had been beaten back to the last when Hans and his retinue stepped in to assist the Eldar with their mutual enemy.

\_Space Hulk 'Flyin' Nob'\_

\_6 days ago\_

'Sod off ya pointy gits! Dis is my ship!' Bludgash yelled as he fired off another barrage from his Heavy Bolter. The Greenskin horde fired in tandem and had the Eldar pinned as a torrent of lead battered the cover the Eldar had taken. Bludgash was an immensely burly and hulking Ork. His lower jaw had a whole row of large 'teef' and was protected by a large plate of thick steel. He had a Guardsman

combat knife stuck perpendicular in one of his large teeth.

He wore a Dark Angese Space Marine pauldron on his right shoulder, and a wheel of twisted rebar on his back, decorated with peaked caps and Guardsman helmets, some with the skulls still inside. His right hand was replaced by a Power Claw with pipes and wires keeping it attached by burying themselves in his skin.

Tank tracks were wrapped around his chest along with a bandoleer which contained bolter rounds. He was all that encompassed a Warboss, from his aesthetic, to his brutal way of fighting.

Many Dire Avengers and had been killed in the initial assault. Farseer Lidendra and her last few soldiers were desperately putting up any resistance they could while they waited for any kind of reinforcements.

She fired blindly through the wide doorway from her position behind the wall as an Ork Weirdboy spewed warp energy at their cover which melted through the wall and struck a Dire Avenger. The Eldar soldier flew into an agonised frenzy as he frantically batted at his rapidly deteriorating shoulder armour, quickly reducing the arm to a searing mess of flesh.

Lidendra cringed and fired again from her Shuriken Pistol. An Ork Slugga Boy leapt through the doorway with a group of Shoota boyz and other Slugga Boyz. The Slugga Boyz brutally decimated the remaining Dire Avengers, of which there were 15 remaining, and had fire support from the Shoota Boyz behind them, many of which were shooting the Slugga Boyz as well as the Eldar they were viciously cutting and bludgeoning.

Storm Guardians that had been in another part of the ship arrived mere moments later and opened fire on the Slugga Boyz while Lidendra cut a path through the Shoota Boyz with her Witchblade. Each strike was elegant and precise, painting the ancient and rusted walls with Ork blood.

'More gits boyz!' Bludgash roared. When no Orks moved and kept firing, he punted a Gretchin at the Eldar and pointed with his Power Claw. 'Well den Get 'em ya globs, dey ain't gonna kill demselves!'

The Greenskins rushed forth at the behest of their Warboss, firing and hurling insults as they went. Lidendra signalled a retreat order to her Storm Guardians and ran past them. They quickly followed after throwing plasma grenades at the advancing Greenskin wall of metal and bullets.

'Farseer, I fear our coming here was unwise. There were no signs that their numbers were so large.' a Guardian said as they ran.

'We have fallen into the trap of these primitives, and lost good soldiers because of it. If I'd just focused and looked into this more, these losses could have been prevented.' Lidendra said admonishing herself.

'We cannot lament now. All we can do is get back to Ulthwe and tell them what we've found.' the same Storm Guardian said. Suddenly he

was struck in the back with a volley of bullets from the pursuing Shoota Boyz. Lidendra growled in anger as she'd lost yet another soldier. Now only she and five Storm Guardians remained.

The wall to the right of them exploded in a shower of metal shards as a Power Claw tore through it, seizing a Storm Guardian who struggled with all he had to get loose. None other than Bludgash stepped through the hole in the wall and in front of the Eldar. He grinned maniacally at them and held up his captive.

'I'z gotz sumfin of yours ya pointy bugga! Want 'im back?' he cackled and snapped the claw blades together, bisecting the Storm Guardian. His blood splattered against Lidendra's war mask. She stood there with four Storm Guardians, hope seemingly lost and death a certainty. She tightly gripped her Witchblade and carefully, tensely rested her finger on the trigger of her Shuriken Pistol.

'Whatever you're planning here Ork, know you will not succeed.' she said venomously. 'Though I may die here, rest assured others will stop you here.'

As if on cue, a Hellgun laser flashed from further down the hallway, breaking the largest of Bludgash's teeth. Lidendra and the Storm Guardians looked in the direction of the shot and saw a group of Mon-keigh. The one who fired at Bludgash was in Cadian Kasrkin Carapace Armour and held a Hellgun while a Power Sword shaped like a cutlass hung at his side. In front of him was a man in Artificer Armour, who held a Bolt Pistol and Power Sword. Next to the man in Carapace armour was a woman in sleek, black Carapace Armour wielding a Bolter. Other women equipped with Power Armour, Bolters and Storm Bolters were present as well as few other Guardsmen in Carapace Armour.

'No need for a heroic speech Farseer.' said the man in Artificer Armour. 'We'll see that you live through this. Onwards!' he called as he charged with his Power Sword drawn. The gunfire returned and the man's followers scattered for cover. Lidendra quickly brought up her pistol and shot Bludgash in the head several times while he was taking fire from the humans.

'I'll smash ya!' he bellowed as he swung his enormous Power Claw at the Farsser. She nimbly dodged the blood soaked claws and gained some distance from him as not to be shot by the human soldiers. The human leader cleaved a Slugga Boy in two and backed up towards the Farseer while unloading Bolter rounds into the Green tide.

'I'm an Inquisitor, Farseer. I'm here to help.' he said. A Shoota Boy was knocked down by a stray swing from a Slugga Boy as he tried to close in on the two. Hans shot the Ork in his knees and then impaled its throat on his blade.

'As if I didn't have enough problems. First Orks, now you Mon-keigh.' she replied bitterly while beheading another Ork.

'Now, now, Farseer. I'm not here to prosecute you or anything of the sort. I'm merely seizing a good opportunity.' he said kicking a Gretchin at a wall.

'Oh? And what would that be?' she asked snidely.

'I'd gladly get you off of this Space Hulk in exchange for your aid. It is of a nature that could be enlightening to both the Imperium and the Eldar.' he offered, his knowing smile hidden behind his helmet.

'Before I ask, what do you mean 'get us off of the Space Hulk'? Our ship is-'

'Dismantled and scrapped. This place is crawling with \_Orks\_, if memory servers.' he cut in with an amused tone. The Farseer rolled her eyes and sighed, her temper soothed somewhat by blasting an 'Ard Boy into a wall with Warp energy. It was soothing by way of the shielded Ork exploding from the force of the impact against the wall.

Meanwhile, Bludgash was rampaging through his own Boyz, swinging his Power Claw and firing his Heavy Bolter with berserker rage.

'WAAAGH!' With each step, the Battle Sisters and Guardsmen shifted their positions and kept firing on the Warboss. They weren't alone as the remaining Storm Guardians fired on him from behind.

He quickly turned while still letting off rounds from his gun. An unlucky Storm Guardian's head exploded as a mass reactive shell punched through his lens. He limply slumped to the floor while another crouched next to the corpse to steady his aim.

Grayson blasted Bludgash in the side of the head, and when he faced him, flipped him the bird. The Warboss roared and dashed at him, wildly swinging his Power Claw in hopes of crushing the Kasrkin. The claw met the floor and left a huge gash in the metal as Grayson had rolled to safety and fired off more Hellgun shots. The massive Ork gave no notice and leapt at him, shoulder barging him with a mighty impact. Grayson tumbled and slid across the floor in a daze, but he knew he had to move before the Ork closed in on him.

'\_How much does it take to kill one bloody Ork?\_' he thought groggily, the thumping on the floor warning him of Bludgash's approach. He rolled away from a downward blow from the claw, then a stomp, and managed to get enough distance to stand up, dropped his Hellgun and drew his Power Sword.

'You wanna go den humie?' Bludgash challenged with a taunting snap of his Power Claw. Grayson raised his sword.

'Come then you big bastard. If you think you're 'ard enough.' he said in a mocking imitation of the Ork.

The Battle Sisters had moved to assist the Inquisitor and the Farseer as the last of the Storm Guardians had fallen while killing the Ork Weirdboyz. They'd successfully killed all Weird Boyz supporting the Shootas and Sluggas as well as the 'Ard Boyz. They'd charged their small formation at the back, cutting swathes through the lesser ranks with Shuriken Pistols and Chain Swords alike. Though after killing off the Weird Boyz, they were rapidly swarmed, but took many Orks with them.

'You're all that's left Farseer. If not out of gratitude then for survival, come with us.' Hans implored as he and Lidendra fought back to back. He sliced through scores of foes and fired his Storm

Bolter at point blank range, while Lidendra unleashed a storm of psychic lightning on her enemies.

'I've still yet to know what in the name of Isha you can offer my people.' she rebutted. They were interrupted when Grayson rolled to a stop at Lidendra's feet. He groaned and slowly propped himself up on his sword. He stood and rolled his shoulders with a pained sigh. He was about equal height with Lidendra, which must have meant she was among the shorter Eldar.

'Can we not do this right now?' Grayson grumbled. He looked over his shoulder at Bludgash, who wasâ€|

'You provided a great distraction. You have my thanks, Captain.' the silky smooth voice of Medea, the ever illusive Callidus Assassin said as she cleaned Ork blood off of her blades. She was sat on Bludgash's stolen pauldron.

'Oh, it's you.' he said in surprise. 'I forgot you were even here.'

'Just means my skills are sharp.' she kicked the dead Warboss in the head. 'I thought you would have made shorter work of him honestly. Mr. 'I punched a Bloodthirster in the head'. Should have just punched him.' she jabbed.

'Oh piss off. We can't all sneak around and take another's kills. Besides, I'd have had him in the next five minutes.' he said indignantly crossing his arms. Medea cackled loudly.

'Before or after being thrown around some more?' Grayson took a step forward, but was halted when Hans' hand rested on his shoulder.

'She's playing you Captain. You're smarter than that.' he said to mitigate Grayson's temper. He sighed and relaxed, sheathing his sword and went to retrieve his Hellgun. Hans looked at Lidendra expectantly.

'Now, If you would be so kind as to hear me out, here's what I propose.'

Present day

Hans was as patient as ever when speaking to the Farseer. She was stubborn to say the absolute least, but while she demanded he keep his end of the bargain, and he could understand her desire to protect her race, he was unable to deliver when she wanted him to. He'd intended his promise to be a gradual thing, but she was being unreasonable.

'Well Mon-keigh? Can I trust you will fulfil your promise? That you will deliver any Eldar technology found on that planet to Craftworld Ulthwe?' she said with a withering stare.

'I am a man of honour. I will fulfil my promise, but you must remember that we have our own mission there Farseer.' he said.

'And I suppose you'd be as willing to tell me your mission as well

as your reason for being at the Space Hulk.'" she said with a sigh.

'It is Imperium business. So out of courtesy I won't ask why you were there yourself, though I can imagine why.'" he replied smoothly. Lidendra nodded in acceptance and rose from her seat.

'I believe your comrades grow impatient, so we should conclude our business for now Inquisitor.'" she straightened out her battle robe. 'However, I would like you to allow me some time with the Captain. Something has changed in him since returning from the Space Hulk. After being hit with the attack from that wounded Weirdboy.'"

'Care to elaborate?'" Hans said with a raised eyebrow, his gaze gaining some intensity.

'Like him, I couldn't sense the rest of you at first. But since returning after the attack on the Captain, I can sense a very small amount of psychic potential from him. Nothing remarkable mind you. From what I can gather, it'll never develop to the level of even the weakest Eldar or human Psyker.'" she explained.

'And what do you wish to do?'" he asked curiously, with a suspicious edge to his voice.

'Well, he is now connected to the Warp, thus vulnerable to possession. It would be wise if I told him of this and measures he can take to reduce his chances of being possessed.'" she informed.

'Well then, if that's the case I will extend my trust to you in this matter as a gesture of good will. But time is short and we must get to Obscurus Minor while we still have time.'" he said as he stood up.

'The planet that emerged from the Warp?'" Lidendra asked succinctly. Before Hans could ask how she knew she said 'With a planet suddenly appearing from the Warp, why else would you be here?'"

'It wouldn't be unreasonable to assume the Eldar of Ulthwe have noticed its presence also?'"

'Indeed we have. However we haven't sent any of our forces there. The taint of Chaos isâ€¦| strange there.'" she said with a degree of uneasiness.

Hans and Lidendra left the office and saw Grayson leant against the wall opposite the door with Hilda stood straight and dutiful next to him. The Captain gave the Inquisitor a nod and pushed himself off of the wall. He cast the Eldar a glance, but not one of ill intent. He was studying her rather than internally purging her. She noticed his gaze on her.

'Is there a problem?'" she subtly challenged. He raised an eyebrow and grinned.

'Nope. Just been a long time since I'd seen an Eldar up close who wasn't trying to cut my face off.'" he said calmly.

'Ah, yes.'" Hans interjected. 'Farseer Lidendra, this is Captain

Grayson Ignarius. He's rather different than most other Guardsmen I'm sure you've come across. One of very few who doesn't want to shoot every Eldar in the face.'" he said with a chuckle. Lidendra was unamused but curious.

"Is that so?" she said quietly.

"Personally I've no quarrel with your kind. Just your deranged, junkie-looking counterparts.'" Grayson jabbed his thumb in Hilda's direction. "But her and her lot, not so much.'" Hilda glared at him.

"It isn't my perspective that isn't the strange one in this. You know fraternisation with their kind is--"

"Heresy. I know.'" Grayson cut her off. "Almost anything can be twisted until it's heretical. Breathing too heavy is heresy. Walking with your left foot leading is heresy. Having fun is heresy. Believe me, I know.'" he said flatly.

Hilda had no response to him as she was focused on not executing him for mocking her. The only thing stopping her was her inclination of friendship with him, but his views and perspective strained that heavily.

"It seems he strays from your Imperium's collective ignorance. I may find him tolerable.'" Lidendra teased. Hilda scoffed.

"Spare us your words. While he may see things differently, he is still loyal to the Imperium. Your corrupting influence will only serve to twist him further. Stay your distance.'" Hilda warned. Grayson sighed and rubbed his face in irritation.

"Look, if I need defending I'll do it myself, Hilda.'" he looked at Lidendra again. "Anyways, nice to meet you. Keep yourself from making our heads explode or flaying us with your mind, and I think we'll get along.'" he stuck out his hand to her.

When she only gave his hand a confused look, he elaborated for her. "Shake my hand with yours. Right hand if you will.'" she cautiously moved her hand towards his and shook it, surprised by his sudden strong grip.

"That's a form of greeting among humans.'" he said.

"I see. Well, at least you're polite.'" she said, discreetly wiping her hand on the back of her battle robe. "Perhaps you can show me that you're much more civilised than you've shown yourselves to be in the past.'" "

"And perhaps you could show us how long that famous Eldar pride will last among us.'" he replied with a smirk.

Hans cleared his throat, drawing the attention of the Farseer, Sister and Captain. "We'd best prepare as best we can before we head to Obscurus Minor. So take the next few days to relax, check weapons and equipment, pray or what have you. We arrive in four days, so make the best of it. Dismissed.'" "

Hans turned and went back into his office which pneumatically shut

after him. A tense silence quickly overcame the hallway which the three occupied. The Farseer realised that she was stuck on a human vessel, with two humans that were open to cooperation, while the rest of them seemed bent on killing her. One of said humans was in the hallway with her, giving her one of the deadliest stares she'd received for close to a millennium.

Grayson sensed the tension too. Two very powerful women were all too happy to settle their differences there and then, quite brutally given the looks they gave each other. He knew he had to do something, anything to make them take their focus off each other. So, he did what came naturally to him.

'So, how about those Dark Eldar and Heretics, eh?' he asked cheerily.

'Did you justâ€|' an angry glare came from Lidendra.

'Heretics! Where?' shouted a frenzied Hilda.

\_'Shit.'\_ Grayson thought. \_'What have I started?\_'\_

\*\*Well that's that I guess. Well, tell me what you think, review, make suggestions as I'm sure a number of you know a lot more about the lore than I do and so could come up with some pretty good ideas. But other than that, this has been BrutalAftershock. Peace.\*\*

End  
file.